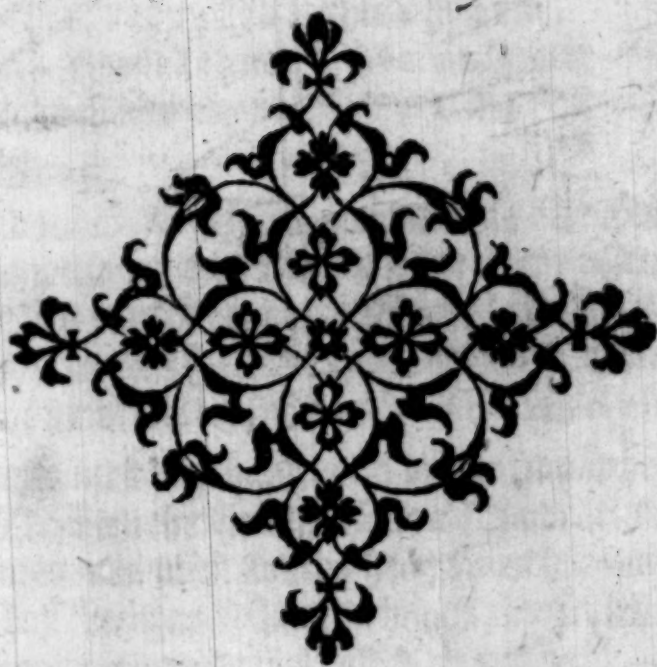




RYTHMES

against Martin
Marre-Prelate.



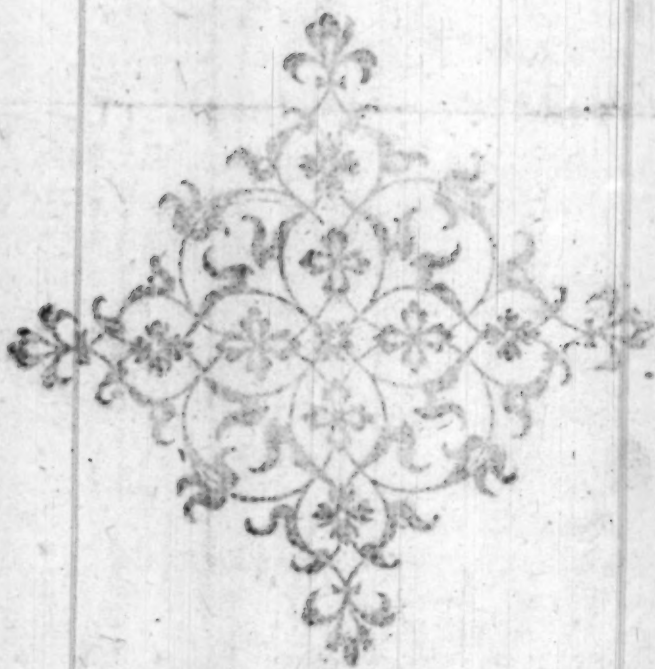
*Ordo Sacerdotum fatuo turbatur ab omni,
Labitur & passim Religionis honos.*



RYTHMES

Agustus Martin

Mate-Prelate.



Ordo Sacerdotum fuit turbatus ab omni
Rebus. Et passim Religio in honore.



Since reason (Martin) cannot stay thy pen,
We'll see what rime will do : haue at thee then.

A Dizard late skipt out vpon our Stage ;
But in a sacke, that no man might him see :
And though we knowe not yet the paltrie page,
Himselfe hath Martin made his name to bee,
A proper name, and for his feates most fit;
The only thing wherein he hath shew'd wit.
Who knoweth not, that Apes men Martins call;
Which beast this baggage seemes as t'were himselfe :
So as both nature, nurture, name and all,
Of that's exprest in this apish else.
Which Ile make good to Martin Harre-als face
In three plaine poynts, and will not bate an ace.
For first the Ape delights with moppes and mowes,
and mocketh Prince and peasants all alike :
This iesting Jacke that no good manner knowes,
With his Ass heeles presumes all states to strike.
Whose scoffes so stinking in each nose doth smell,
As all mouthes saie of doubt he beares the bell.
Sometimes his chappes do walke in poynts too hie,
Wherein the Ape himselfe a Woodcock tries :
Sometimes with floutes he drawes his mouth awrie,
And sweares by his ten bones, and falselie lies.
Wherefore be what he will I do not passe,
He is the paltriest Ape that euer was.
Such flæring, læring, iarring foles bopæpe,
Such habaes, teehees, wæhees, wild colts play :
Such sohoes, whopes and hallowes, hold and keepe ;
Such rangings, ragings, reuelings, roysters ray,
With so foule mouth, and knaue at euery catch,
Tis some knaues neast did surely Martin hatch.

Now out he runnes with Cuckowe king of May,
 Then in he leapes with a wild Horrice daunce;
 Then strikes he vp Dame Lawsens lustre lay;
 Then comes Sir Ieffries ale tub tapde by chaunce:
 Which makes me gesse, (and I can shrewdly smell)
 He loues both t'one and t'other passing well.

Then straight as though he were distracted quite,
 He chafeth like a cutpurse layd in Warde;
 And rudely railles with all his maine and might,
 Against both Knights and Lords without regarde:
 So as Bridewell must tame his drunken fits,
 And Bedlem helpe to bring him to his wits.

But Martin, why in matters of such waight
 Dost thou thus play the Dawe and dauncing foole?
 O sir (quoth he) this is a pleasant baite

For men of sorts, to traine them to my schoole,
 We noble States how can you like hereof,
 A shamelesse Ape at your sage heads should scoffe:

Good Noddie now leaue scribbling in such matters,

They are no toles for foles to tend vnto;
 Wise men regard not what mad Donckies patters;

Twere trim a beast should teach men what to do,
 Now Tarleton's dead the Consozt lackes a vice:
 For knaue and foole thou maist beare pricke and price.

The sacred sect and perfect pure precise,

Whose cause must be by Scoggins testis mainteinde,
 We shewe althrough that purple Apes disguise,

Yet Apes are still, and so must be disdainde.

For though your Lyons lookes weake eyes escapes,
 Your babling bookes bewraies you all for Apes.

The next poynt is, Apes vse to osse and teare

What once their sidling fingers fasten on;

And clime aloft and cast downe euery where,

And neuer staies till all that stands be gon.

Now whether this in Martin be not true,

You wiser heads marke here what doth ensue.

What

What is it not that Martin doth not rent?

Cappes, Tippets, Gownes, black Chiuers, Rotchers
Communion bookes, and Homelies, yea so bent (white:

To teare, as womens wimples feele his spite.

Thus tearing all as all Apes vse to doe;

He teares withall the Church of Christ in two.

Marke now what things he meanes to tumble downe,

For to this poynt to looke is worth the while;

In one that makes no choyce twixt Cap and Crowne,

Cathedral Churches he would faine vntile,

And snatch by Bishops lands, and catch away

All gaine of learning for his prouling pray.

And thinke you not he will pull downe at length

Aswell the top from tower, as Cocke from Steeple:

And when his head hath gotten some more strength,

To play with Prince as now he doth with people:

Yes, he that now saith, Why should Bishops bee:

Will next crie out, Why Kings: The Saints are free.

The Germaine Boozes with Clergie men began,

But neuer lest till Prince and Peeres were dead:

Iacke Leydon was a holie zealous man,

But ceast not till the Crowne was on his head.

And Martins mate Iacke Strawe would alwaies ring

The Clergies faults, but sought to kill the King.

O that quoth Martin chwere a Noble man!

A vaunt vile villain: tis not for such swads.

And of the Counsell too; Marke Princes then:

These roomes are raught at by these lustie lads.

For Apes must climbe, and neuer stay their wit,

Untill on top of highest hilles they sit.

What meane they els, in euerie towne to craue

There Priest and King like Christ himselfe to be:

And for one Pope ten thousand Popes to haue,

And to controll the highest he or she?

Aske Scotland that, whose King so long they cross

As he was like his Kingdome to haue lost.

Beware yee states and Nobles of this Lande,
 The Clergie is but one of these mens butts:
 The Ape at last on masters necke will stande,
 Then gegge betime these gaping greebie gutts.
 Least that too soone, and then too late ye feele,
 He strikes at head that first began with heele.
 The third tricke is; what Apes by flattering waies
 Cannot come by, with biting they will snatch:
 Our Martin makes no bones, but plainely saies,
 Their fists shall walke, they will both bite and scratch.
 He'll make their harts to ake, and will not faile,
 Where pen cannot their penknife shall preuaile.
 But this is false, he saith he did but mock:
 A foolke he was, that so his words did scanne.
 He onely ment with pen their pates to knocke:
 A knaue he is, that so turnes cat in pan.
 But Martin sweare and stare, as deepe as Hell,
 Thy sprite thy spice and mischeuous minde both tell.
 The thing that neither Pope with booke nor Bull,
 Nor Spanish King with ships could doe without,
 Our Martins heere at home will worke at full;
 If Prince curbe not betimes that rabble rout.
 That is destroy both Church, and State, and all;
 For if t'one faile, the other needs must fall.
 Thou England then whome God doth make so glad,
 Through Gospels grace and Princes prudent raigne:
 Take heede least thou at last be made as sad,
 Through Martins makebates marring, to thy paine.
 For he marrs all and maketh nought, nor will:
 Saue lies and strife, and works for Englands ill.
 And ye graue men that answere Martins mowes,
 He mocks the more, and you in vaine loose times:
 Leau e Apes to doggs to baite, thet skins to crows,
 And let old Lanam lashe him with his rimes.
 The beast is proud when men wey his endowings:
 Let his workes goe the waie of all wast writings.

Now

Now Martin, you that say you will spatone out
 Your broyling bzattes, in euery towne to dwell;
 We will prouide in each place for your route,
 A bell and whippe that Apes do loue so well.
 And if ye skippe and will not wey the checke,
 We'l haue a springe and catch you by the necke.

And so adiew mad Martin marre the land,
 Leau off thy worke, and more work, hearest thou me?
 Thy work's nought worth, take better worke in hand:
 Thou marr'st thy worke, & thy work will marre thee.
 Worke not a newe, least it doth worke thy wracke,
 And then make worke for him that worke doth lacke.
 And this I warne thee Harting Honckies face,
 Take heed of me, my rime doth charme thee bad:
 I am a rimer of the Irish race,
 And haue already rimde thee staring mad.
 But if thou ceaseest not thy bald iests still to spread,
 Ile neuer leaue, till I haue rimde thee dead.

FINIS.